the Bictator of Mexico-Her Present Woeful Poverty.

CITY OF MEXICO, October 3 .- A few days ago the widow of the famous Dictator or President Santa Anna was buried, without pomp or ceremony. Do ores Tes:a became the wife of Gen Santa Anna when he was at the zenith of his power. She had neither talent, ambition nor energy: never heless, she was a good, harmless soul, and a

virtue us weman.

One phase of Gen. Sauta Anna's wooing reminds us of Napoleon's overtness to the beautiful young Countess Eugenie, when the assured him that be could reach her only "via the church." For a while after the death of his first wife the great Dicta tor seemed ind fferent to the fair sex, but one day, while driving down the Calle San Flancisco, he stopped to speak to one of his officers and observed at the door of a little shop on the opposite side of the street a beauful, barefooted, shabbily dressed girl playing wi h a kitten. The child-for she was then but twelve and a half years old-unconscious of the attention she was attracting, displayed the grace of a fawn, and just as the Dicta-tor was saying "adioa" to the officer she looked toward him and he nedded to her. Surprised at this condescen-sion on the part of 'Su Alteza," the girl first b'n hed and then smiled, exhibiting the most pearly, besutiful testh imaginable.

The following day a middle sgad companied her to the pavement and stood there in a respectful attitude captain of the Polace Guards, in a stood there in a respectful attitude until she entered her crach and drove BANTA ANNA'S WCOING. fregged uniform, enered the shop of Senora Tosta, and the good woman, quite certain the officer had called to purchase eigerettes, hurried forward to him, and was confounded when she learned that he was the bearer of a message from "Fu Alteza," the President of the republic. She gave a befit ing reply, and the captain retired, mu tering: "served me right, it was cowardly for a soldier to accept such a

A week later a palace fop, who had never smelled guppowder, called on Senora locta and wi houtercumbention said: "His Highn as derires you to send your daughter to the palace, don't be fooli h, my good woman, accede to the desires of the President and you may shut up this miserable

little store and live in splendor the rest of your days."

The mother, chaking with indignation, could find no words for reply, so seizing a jarro of b ans which were seething on a brazier, the dashed them at Sir Pander. They struck directly upon his satin vest and he beat an ignominious retreat, while D lores, who in her simplicity be-lieved that Su A teza wanted her for

a Galepina or scul ion in his kitchen, laughed merri y at his disconfiture. The widowed mather now hoped that she had roused the enemy, for 1846 Lola—the pet name of her daughter— Af had forgotten to report that Su Altiza rode past the shop two or three times every day and never failed to look in. Scarcely a fortnight had passed when one morning the Dictator himself walked into the humble store. Lola ran into the back room and took refuge under a high posted bedstrad, the sole remnant her mother pos-sessed of "better days." The child was determined not to go wash dishes in

Senora Tosta, brave as a liones; in defense of her young, did not even return the cour cous salu ation of the President, but instantly commenced reproaching him.

"You?" she said, "you, who ought to be the father of the people, to try to rob a widowed mother of her daugh-

"Listen to me, good woman," b and-ly commenced Gen. Santa Anna "I won't listen to you," ratored Senora Tosta.

"Then I'll send my private secretary to explain that my intention is

"Ill scald him if he enters my door," shrieked the mother, "and I'll complainto the Archb shop."
"Then, you old virago," shouted the Dictator, "tell his Eminence that I

intend to marry Dolores." "I cannot tell his Grace a lie," re-

sponded the mother. Gen. San a Anna's patience was now comp'e'ely exhausted, and fluding that Lo's won d not, at his solicitation, come out from her refuge under the bed, he turned to S nora Tosta with flashing eyes and said: "You are a fool! I will send my private chap ain to propose for Dologes in due form. for I intend to make her my wif ," and then he left, hastily mounted a

horse which his orderly held at the door and dashed up to the palace. The moment the President disappeared Senora Tosts sank into a chair, overcome with terror. She was quite certain the D custor had no idea of marrying the poor little Lola; she was positive he would se z; her child, and as to her own fate she would most as suredly be cast into a dungeon for life or else be racked to death in one of those "torture chambers" of the old It quisition Hall, of which she had in her youthful days heard such terrible stories. The terrified Lola crept her mother's side, sobbing bitteriy and expecting every moment a squad of soldiers would come to shoot her

and her sole protectress. Hours of agonizing suspense passed. Senora Testa desired the aid of her relatives and friende, but when she began to dress Lols stricked and was almost wild with terror, fearing her mother would be shot in the streat. Then the perplexed woman called a neighbor and sent for some of her family.

THE LITTLE BRIDE.

Before the return of this messenger a priest arrived. At first Lola was sure he had come to prepare the Dic tator's victims for execution, but as the padre smiled and patted her on head she concluded they were perhaps only to be imprisoned, and, standing beside her mother, she learned with profound astonishment that the President of Mexico really desired her to become his wife. An almost regal troueseau was prepared for Dolores, and six months laterwhen she had completed her thirteenth year-she became the Dicta-

A Spanish dame—through whose veins coursed some of the bluest blood of Castile, but who had been impoverished by Mexican revolutions—was appointed "Lady of Honor".in attendcalled "Los Mosqueteros de Su Alblue c'oth, embraidered with sliver beard the romantic history of Dolores thread; their combreros were gray Tosts de Santa Anna.

DOLORES FOSTER'S CARE

THE ROMANCE OF SANTA ANNA'S
WAFE.

How She Was Wooed and Won by
The Blatter of Maylon—Her

The Plateter of Maylon—Her

and encircled by a silver cord. The duty of this body guard was to escort "Su Alteza's" carriage when she rode out on the Pasco or attended the theater. The Dictator commanded all persons to address his wife as "Your Highress" and treat her with the deference due to a princess, and little Lola was at first dazed by her entourage. The palace spended to her a sort age. The palace seemed to her a sort of wenderland and this regal state parplexed her quite as much as the mysteries of reading, writing and music, in which she was instructed by

"profeso as" who had been appointed to form a part of her household. The role of the Dictator's wife was at first quite difficult for such an unscphisticated bitle creature to per-form, but sustained by the Castillan dame and directed by her was mother, whom Gen. San a Anna now respected for the course she had pursued, "Su Alteza" soon adapted herself to the exigencies of the sphere to which mar-

rings had given her on entree.

So great was the power of Santa
Anna in those days that Spanish
hidsless and Mexicans of the highest social standing bowed hun bly before his wife, whom they would not have deigned to notice prior to her marriage. When "Su Altezi" attended t) e theater her m squeteros surround ed her carriage, on splendidly capacisoned horses, and each man bore in his left hand a flaming to ch; lackeys spread carpets from her coach to the entraces of the theater; pages bore her train and maids of honor carried her fan, mant'e, etc. During the per-formance her guards wasted in the patio or corridors of the theater and then eccoraed her bick to the palace When "Su Alteza" attended mass When priests left the altar to receive her as her to her rea', and when the services ended the sleigy and the scolytes, bearing a cross and lighted tapers, acoff. This account may seem exaggerated, but there are hundreds of propietiow fiving in this capital who will vouch for its trath. It is gen-erally supposed that the Dictator intended to make himself Emperor of Mexico, and for that purpose was gradually introducing regal style.

PROVING A TRUE WIFE. When Gen. S n a Anna lost power and prestige and was exiled, his young wife proved a true and devoted woman. In 1874 the excled hero, old, broken in health and bowed in spirit, received parm sion from the Mexican Government to return to his native and and then his wife was his chief solace and tid all in her power to alleviate his moral and physical suffer-ings. The ex-Dictator fived very plainly for the greater, part of his for tune had been squandered in the West Indies; those who had fawned upon him in other days ut esly ignored him and he was totally neglected even by persons on whom he had once conferred immense favors. As itary chiefs many assumed a virtuous or patriotic indignation and disclaimed interctures with a man who was a "raitor;" al seemed to forget how well and bravely Gen. Sauta Auna had fought against the Americans in

try seat in Tacub ys. Her ward obes were filled with silk, satin and velvet dresses, her laces alone constitued a fortune, and she still retained costly sets of diamonds, pearls and emeralds but when the stimulus of the old general's ambi ion was wi hdrawn Mrs Santa Anna became so careless, so inene that she had not ambition enough to sostain the position she might have neld if possessed of any spirit. Her apathy was not due to any regret for past rank or splender. She was simply lazy and soon degenerated into a non enity, and instead of opening her salon to those who respected her and fully appreciated her virtues, she received but a few relatives and passed her days idly lolling in a rocking chair.

IN A TORN WRAPPER. Some two years ago a Span sh lady who was really attached to Mrs. Santa Anna, tried to arouse her from her oyster like existence. One morning, when she found her ex-Highness in a torn, so led wrapper, with her hair hanging down and her feet throst into old slippers down at heel, she said:

"Lois, it is a shane for you to be so untidy. Mrs. Santa Anna replied: "I have

no person to dress for."
"Nonsense!" exclaimed her friend. "You should remember that you are the widow of one of Mexico's most illu trious heroes. Allow me to give you one lessen in nea ness."
"What is it?" asked Mrs. Santa
Anna, with a languid smile.

"It must be given in the parlor," sponded Sen ra B., and, leading the widow into the salon, she pointed to the portrait of the deceased President, "Look at that sad face; then, stopping before a full length portrait of her ex Highness, said: Look at your graceful figure, your beau iful face, those magn ficent jewels which you yet posses; and those almost regal robes," then, quickly turning to a large mirror, added: "And there behold what you are

Mrs. Santa Anna gazed at the figure in the mirror, then replied: "Yes, my beau y has all gone." "N."," responded her friend; "your

tee h are still beautiful, your hair is but slightly changed, your figure is still excellent, but you are so slovenly that you look worse than any of your servants, and you are so indolent that if you do not soon rouse yourseif half of your faculty will be paralysed for lack of exercise."

DRESSED LIKE A SERVANT. Mrs. Santa Anna rallied for a while, but about a year ago, when the writer had occasion to see her, and had called and waited some time, a woman in a fided catica diess, having her bead and form enveloped in a bus cotton rebosa, such as servants and Indian women wear, entered the parlor. I saked: "Does Mrs. Santa Anna know I am her? Was my card given her?"

The reply was: "Ah! I see you have entirely forgotten me." It was

Mrs. Sauta Anna. Mortifled at my own stupidits, I quickly replied: "The parlor is a little dark; I have not sten you for two years, and then you were dressed in black." But in very truth I had never seen the lady looking quite so untidy. So little was Mrs. Santa Anna knows, or rather so completely was her very existence forgotten, that when she was buried five weeks ago come of the Mexican newspapers alluded to her "extreme old age," although she could not have been more than 55 or 56 years old. They evidently believed the decessed was the Fresident's first was to instruct in etiquette, etc. Six wife, who would have been at least 80, well been maiders formed the suite of her "Highness," and a military goard, times part had bowed humbly before "Sa Al eza" pretended to remembe ters," was orguized. These muske-ters were an epscial uniform of ght the present generation had never even

The War for the Union Made the Once Implacable Enemies Fast and Firm Friends.

NEW YORK, O tober 13 .- B n Tremaine, in the Times, says: A lew days bit House, Washington, and was acco ted by the young at son of Parson Erowolow, whom I had not a en for twenty years, and who inf raied me that he was in an official position at the na ional capita. Meeting this young man recelled to my mind the day, twenty-four years ago, when his father, the redoubt ble Pareon Brownlow-an illustriou fi ure head during the rebellion-came triumphanty through the Centederate lines into Na hy lle, where the writer was on duty at the time. There had never been in the South more b'ttere sem'es than William G. Brownlow and Andrew Johnson—the one a resident of Knoxville and the other of Greenville, East Tennesse-the one a pro-s'avery Whig and the other a prosavery Democrat. The proverbial detestation of uncontaminated water by his Sa asic Majesty may peaseby illustrate somewhat inno-quately the pre-eminent hatred of Johnson by Brownlow, and which was in a measure returned, exc pt that the editor of the Knoxville Whig used a club, so to speak, and the Greenvil'e tailor the knife. In other words, Brownlow was coarse and pro-fane and Johnson polished and savere -at least, in comparison. Only a few months before the commencement of the secession movement Brownlow, while addressing a po i ical meeting in East Tennessee, alluded to Johns n in an uncomplimentary way, and wishing to brand his noble advertary with superlative singines, concluded by saying: 'Why, this man Andy Johnson would wall across the river which leads to hell on a rotton rail i r a shi ling, and if the Angel Gabriel should come down from heaven and offer him his scul's salvation for a sixpence he would hun; out one with a hele in it wi h which to close the bar-gain!" But the two men were true to the flag and to their country, and upon the occasion re-ferred to I escorted Bosniow up the steps of the Stats Capitol of Tennessee and into the presence of Johnson—then Military Governor of Tenne see and Brigadier General of volunteers-and the two patriots met cordially and fraternally, and claped bands across the bloody chasm that was then being made broader and deeper da ly through the fury of inter-necine war. As a result of this meet ing Johnson planned for the reconstruction of Tenne see, and obtained Federal permission for its resumption of its place in the Union; he then brought about the elevation of Brown low as its Governor, had his son-in-

law Pat ers n and his friend Fowler elected United Sales Senators, and sent Brownlow to Baltimore to see to 1846
After Gen. Santa Anna died his family reversed some of his former possessions, and his widow was comparatively wealthy. She owned a city residence here and a pretty countries of 1864, which was as neatly carried out as conveived. Upon the policy of recons ruction and renabilitation these men again entered upon scenes of political discord and greatly differed with each other as long as they lived, although neither ever sgain publicly in-dulged in personal vituperation of the

other. I saw a good deal of Parson Brownlow for some months after his arrival in Nashville at the time above mentioned, and found him to be one of the kindest, truest, best and most temperate of men at times. But he could occasionally scatter real gems of profanity like she is upon a strand. He could erect pyramids of oaths that might reach to the very skiss. He was the John L. Sullivan of swearers, and cou'd knock out the whole Flanders gang in a single round. He was indeed, the sovere gn of the realm of epithels, and once said to me: "If there is anything that I pride myself on it is my shility to hesp spithet upon spithet."

The people generally of East Ten nessee were extremely troublesome to the leaders of the Southern Confederacy from the commencement to the close of hostilities. They were not a highly cultivated set on the whole, and few of them in their cradlehood had ever touch d gums with even the plated implement of table use, to say nothing of the sterling srdic'e. But they were energetic, Independent, industrious en ! fairly intell gent always and remained pro f against the sophistries of the secession orators and exhoriers and rever faltered in their de-Conf derate battalions swarmed throughout their country and arrested, imprisoned, soot and banged many of their mo.t velliant and chosen ones for their refusal to recognize the pretended government. It was while Parson Brownlow was in Knoxville that West Humphries, who had been impeached before the Senate for treason, held his muckery of justice called the Confederate States Court, and one day had before him an aged Unionist pamed Hiram Williams, who had been arrest d and indicad for treason against the Confederate Government and adherence to its enc-In mercy for the patriotic ocmies. togenarian Humphries offered to enter a nolle proc. if the prisoner would take the oath of allegiance to the Confedurate Government. The aged patriot was silent for two or three minutes, the thronged court room waiting in breathless suspense for the old man's response. Then he rose, straghtened his bent form to i's full hight, ran his nervous fingers through his

have yet to see or hear of a child of After Andrew Johnson had stepped down and out of the White House I had the pleasure of accompanying him to Greenville, E. Tenn., where a re-ception was given him. But there was an inside episode to that reception which has never been given to the press and which shows the incompatibility of politics and pudding, and which I will relate. A new comer from New England, and a genuine representative of the section he hailed from as well as an extreme Republican, was superintendent of some iron operations in the vicinity of Green ville, and had consented, as it had been given out that there was to be no politics in the demonstration, to let his name be placed among others constituting the committee. He had made himself acquainted with the fact that the Town Council had prased resolu-tions to give the ex-President a reception without reference to his record and without indoraing or condemning his course, but as a tribute to a distinguished c t'zen returning to his home it had not been made known to him however, that the Mayor had vetoed "neither hot nor cold" reception, and that Mr. Johnson's political

long gray bair, and in trembling tones exclaimed: "Humpbries, I will take

your oath, but with this reason, sir: I

THEIR POLITICAL ENMITTES AND RECONCILIATION.

land Republican came in o towo, drested from top in toward wearing a new silk hat which would have been the envy of a Mu ray Hill dude, blist-

fully unconscious, of course, of what had transpired since his last departure. The train a rived precisely on time, Mr Jehnson was taken charge of and our fri nd, who had been selected to make the first speech of welcome, acquitted himself in a spendid, but highly conservative way, during which he en a g d upon the glorious privileges of the free and enprivileges of our free and enlightened government, under which any of its cidzens might work his way to its Coief Magarray, and at the end of his ferm rearm to his fome and resume his place among his fellow c tz-ns and be ever honored for the dig ity which the highest offive of the Republic had inseparably connected with his name, etc. This ended the first less n, however, and the hall was at once opened by the friends of the distinguished guests, who p'tched into Coursess and the Republican party red hot and were responded to by Mr Johnson, who let fly invertive and vindicive adjectives like flights of rockets into the air. This last part of the programms was too much for the chairman of the R caption Committee and he beat a precipitate retreat from the stand, hunted up a d z n or more straight out Republican friends and proceeded

ger and mortification, and at last 'drowned his corrows in the flowing bowi. S, eaking of Ex-President Johnson, while on his mem r.be trip to Chithe Continental Horel in Pail delphia on the first night out from Washing ton, and during the reception in that divadel gation of tailors passed by the hotel carrying a transcalency pre-senting Adam and Eve constructing heir fig leaf garmen's. Johnson saw this, and in his haraogue to the paraders told them that 'Our father and head was a talloc." What was Mr. Johnson's surprise the next moraing to find these words reported: 'Our Father in heaven was a tailor," a dau editorial at ack upon him in the Press f r b asphemy.

to the nearest wet goods establish-ment, whee he "cussed out" his an-

FACE".

Some faces are supinely fair. Some sparking in their splender; Some are demure and debonatr. And some divinely lender.

Some win us with some fatal glance From eyes too bright wheaming; Some smalle that smile that orings a trans Till life is lost in dreaming.

Some flit before us, sweet and gay, To fill our hearts with laughter; Then fade as fanc es tade away, An I leave no achings after.

And some some faces, sorrow-kissed, When holiest thoughts are througing Come beck, come always in that midst Of everlasting longing.

So faces come and faces go: Some make existence sweeter; And some, they make life sad, we know, Yet, being sad, compiler.

Until one face comes up at last (Heaven knows each heart; don't doubt it) The future fades, the past is past! We cannot live without it.

We ask not if men call her sweet or fair or wiser or elever: We ask, we passionately out cat: "Will you be mine forever!" - Wiferd Woollam, B. A.

AN EMINENT PREACHER INSANE. The Rev. Augustus Stopford Brooke in an Asylum-Sketch of

DUBLIN, October 16 -The Evening Mail says that the Rev. Augus us Stop ford Brooke, the eminent Unitarian preacher, has become crazy, and has seen confined in an asylum for the

His Life.

The Rev. Augustus Stopford Brooke belongs to an Irish 'ami y. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became curate of St. Matthew's, Maylebone, soon after his graduation. After holding several other curacies he was appointed a chap'ain in ordi-nary to the Queen in 1872, and four years later took charge of B dford Chapel, Bloomsbury, one of the En-glish proprietary chapels, in which a man may teach almost anything he pleases. Mr. Brooke always affi iated with the extreme liberal school in the English Church, associating with Dean Stauley, Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, the Rev. J. M. Capes, the Rev. Brooks Lambert, and men of the views, and in 1880 scartled the orthodox community by renouncing his allegiance to the Church of England. His separation from the church, he said, turned upon the question of m racles, yet, not-withstanding his denial of all belief in the miraculous he at Il retained all the great spiritual truths with which that belief has been as clated. He did not leave the church to become a mere Theist, but continued to read the orthodox cervice in the Bed'ord Chapel. "The time has come," he Chapel. "The time has come," he said, "when at any cost I mu t say farewell to a communion in which I have served for more than twenty years, and look forward to a new and untried life. " " But when I look forward, I cannot regret the parting-I am glad to be free i from compromise, glad to be able to speak unfettered by a system, glad to have a clear position, glad to plas out of an atmosphere which it has become impossible to breathe because I was supposed, however I might a sert the contrary, to believe all the doctrines of the Church of England in the way the church confessed them." Mr. Brooke was permitted to pursue the even tenor of his way until 1884, when he became an avowed Unitalian, aban-doning Bedford Chapel and all out-ward association with the Established Church. Mr. Brooke is the author of Life of Frederick W. Robertson (1865), various sermons and works on theology, literature, etc. He is widely known and was for many years one of the most popular pulpit orators in Great Britaiu. He is 54 years of age.

A CHALLENGE.

"Good night," he said, and held her hand in a hesitating way. And hoped that her eyes would understand What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand and murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cool, you know.
This 'Mister' or ours and 'Miss."

'I thought, perchance." and he paused to If she seemed inclined to rown, But the lights in her eyes his heart strings And she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speek Of dust from his cost latel; So smail, such a wee, little ting flock, "Twas a wonder she saw to well;

But it brought her face so very near, In that dim, uncertain light, That the thought, unspoken, was made quite And I knew 'twas sweet "good night."

—James (larence Harvey.

Lunphone's perfume, Edenis Lundborg's perfume, Alpine Violet, Lundborg's perfume, Lily of the Lundborg's perfume, Marchal Nile

JOHASON AND BROWNLOW Lisads had taken held of the matter arrang ments. So on the appointed day our New Eng-

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Origin of a Lifelong Friendship for the Mexicans and the Poet's Name -How He Came to Write.

From the Argonaut: To the insin-cere and the sectors after the sector tional for the sensational press I have alwa: s been ob iging. But I hadly k: ow how to answer the question as to how I came to be a writer. Pathaps the best way is to run bra fiv over the first pages of my early and very acrive

To begin with, I spent all my boy-hood—up to the end of my 17th year, when I rounned to O ogon to complace my education and enter on the s'udy of 'aw-in the mountains of Northern California I must mention, however, that meactime I made several trips, as kind of interpreter, with some Mexican horse and mule drove s, down into Mexico and Northern

Ar zona.

Toese Mexicans were always mos k nd me; so much better, too, in all respects than the Americans, mostly from the border States, and of the kind that afterward made Kansas fa-mous, or rather infamous. These men hated Mexica s heartily, and never let any opp runity pess with-out plundering t en. I think it was to put around them a sort of moral protection from this terrible class that he M x caus kept me with them. For, I a sare you, the treatment of this conquered people in the early days of California was simply mon-

It was this that had driven Josquin Murietts, while yet a youth, to become the most terrible and bloody outlaw our and has ever known. A eward of many thousa ds had been offered for his head, he had been captured, killed and his head was in spirits and e. exhibition in San Fran-cisco, when I took up my pen for the first time and wrote a public letter in efarse of the Mexicans.

Soo : I returned to Oregon, where complet d my s udie , read law, and when 21, was a imitted to the bar under ex-Atterdey Gene al George H. Willi me, my lifelong friend. New gold mines having been found

n what is now Idaho, I took my law books and entered the gold fields, along with thousands of my old friend from the monorains of Northern Call fornis, with whom I had in one was or another s ent my early youth. But there was lit leto do in the law, and these old Californianscholeme as one of the expressmen to ride to and from the nearest s tt ementa d carry their go'd out and their le ters in. In Caliornia I had been in some battles with the Indians, had been twice badly wounded, and so was not strong enough to do good werk in the mines; and thet is why I was made an ex-pressman by these men. I am forgetting to mention that, in a good humored way, they revived the o'd name of 'Josqu'n,' to my great anroyance. A rival express started, and with it stories of Josquin Murie ta, and, no doub', vague wnispers that I was, if not the robber himself, none

oo good, etc., etc.

I made a few thousand dollars, went ack to my father, went into a pulities. MANSFIELD, D. MYERS, W. D. BETHELL. too good, ete, etc. myself, you may be certain, from the other side. I felt dreadful; but as the name stack to me I stack to it. I went back to my California friends, who by this time had a toled in Northern O'egon and organized a county, and big in the practice of my pro-fession. An election was held for county and State officers, and, althou h the Californ ans put up or e of heir number against me for C unty Judge—and a good lawyer and a strong man he was, too—they allowed me,

with a sing's exception, to lead my ticket. I had now four years of work befor me, and began building houses, planting trees and getting the depleted finances of the county in shape. The county paper was selling at 23 cents, but, by inducing some Chinese companies to mine and pay the State s mining tax, our paper was soon at pa-And now, having done what I deemed a service to my comptry, I set to work to say something again for my old friends, the Mexicans. My rea name, bear in mind, is not "Josquin," as all can see who care to turn to any of my books and look on the copy right page. But there was no shaking off that name. And so, when my first blok was published, as mall atfair in verse and published in Oregon, it was entitled Joaquin.

At the enlof my four years of effice I went to Europe, but still had litt e notion of writing books. I had met Bret Harts, then editor of The Over land, in San Francisco, and left a litte sketch about rough times in Idaho. Finding this copied into an English paper while on the continent, I look courage, returned to London, revised Joaquin, wrote Artzonian, Walker in Nicaragua, Myrrh, and a lot more, and brought out the Songs of the Sierra, by Josquin Miller.

One day some American papers were handed me containing four or five columns of socalled secret history of my life and the key to mys er one passages in my verses. There romentic stories suggest d good groundwor for a life in the mountains I loved. A firm of publishers, Bentley & Son. Burling on street, London, offered to publish the book. It appeared; o'hers followed; and even to this day I am a ked for sketches of my life in the Sierra. And I generally comply, cause I like to write about my beloved mountains, the true and generous old Californians who always stood so fondly by ne, and all that old ro-mantic life, taking any character I happen to know or hear of and mak-

ing it my own. And that is the way in which I came to write and to use the name Josquin. Clearly, I never really intended to devote my life to writing. I do not like it. My ambition has always been to build up a little home and make a moderate living by raising something in a garden, such se fruit, flowers, and so on, and also practicing law in a quiet way. In fact, I think I never had such a joy as when last vear, at New Orleans, I picked up a Western magazine with a picture of the house which I built and the trees which I p'anted in Canyon City, Grant county, Ore, when Judge there. The trees are now a fortune to the owner.

I am sure I never had much idea of my verses, and I prefer prose work.
It was a desire to stop writing that
led me into Wallstreet, and to the
wrecking of the few thousands I had
saved. This Wallstreet battle throw me back to writing again, and harder. I went to Washington, bought a piece ground, built a cabin-the kind of house I could afford, and yet it suited me exactly—and paid for it piecemen, by days' work, I may almost say. And now, scon—this year, God willing—I shall s op writng, and in a smal way take up the

constantly cannot think much. And a man who does not think much

ought not to have much to ray.

There is a disposition to selfishness and egotism in writing that is rulnous o all men. A man who makes a pr I se on of writing poetry ought to die arly. For if he lives long he will surely saffer deeply.

Urethral Stricture Cured?

CURE PERMANENT. Removal Complete. Neither knife, caustic nor dilation. No pain. No humbug Adr's DR. B. W. TUTHILL,

M. H. COOVER & CO. LUMBER YARD® PLANING MILI

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Woldiags, all kinds of Door and Window Frames, Brackets, Scroll-Work, Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Water Tanks,

All kinds of Wood Work Executed as Short Notice. Nos. 157 to 173 Washington street, Memphis, Tenn.



Chickasaw Ironworks

JOHN E. RANDLE & CO., PROPR'S,

98 Second St. Memphis, Te FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS. MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

" ngines, Boilers, Sawmills, Bradford Corn and Wheat Mills Cotton Press, Cotton Gina. Shafting, Pulleys, Bot.

SLEDGE BROS., of Como, Miss. | F. M. NORFLEET, Resident Partner.

SLEDGE & NORFLEET

COTTON FACTORS, Nos. 356 and 358 Front Street Momphis Tens.

E E MEACHAM & Co.

COTTON FACT'RS

Old Stand, No. 9 Union St., Memphis.

MAPOLEON HILL, President. W. N. WILKERSON, Vice-President & H. J. LYNN, Cashier.

Memphis City Fire & Gen'l Ins. Co.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS FULL PAID CAPITAL

eal paper, and then I heard all about Office-19 Madison Street, Memphis, Tent

Toof McGowan & Co.

Wholesale Grocers and Cotton Factors And Dealers in Levee and Railroad Supplies,

No. 274 Front Street Memphis Tennessee.

FLY, HERRON & HOBSON WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Cotton Factors and Commission Merchanta 324 Front Street Memphis Tenn.

Fulmer, Thornton & Co

Cotton Factors, Wholesale Grocers,

No. 306 Front street. : Memphis, Tonna

HAYDEN'S COTTON GIN

All Cotton Covered by Insurance on Selworthy Vessels 61 Ginhouse. Sacks furnished to responsible parties.

124 and 126 POPLAR STREET, MEMPHIS.



Doors, Sash, Blinds, Molding, Lumber, Lath and Shingles, Flooring, Ceiling and Cedar Posts. TENNESSEE

Woods & Swoope,

Buggies, Wagons and Harness, NANCE COTTON PRESS,

Steam Engines, Machinery of All Descriptions,